

Saigon, Let A Nigga Know

Let a Nigga Know

You wanna go to war bop

You wanna hear the 44 pop

You wanna see the gun that will make more than just your jaw drop

You wanna mess with the best,

but do you want to save your mama some stress

Nigga if you really want to test

I'll come and chop you in half

My click is cucku for cocoa they'll pop you and laugh

Wanna do gun play, Monday through Sunday

All 52 weeks of the year

Am I speaking clear?

You feel my flow

Even though I'm so political

Ain't another MC as gangsta as me

Shit I should be signed to Death Row

Uh-oh there go Saiyo

AK nine six at yo 5-0

Mind blow to your spinal

You're only a thug on vinyl

You soft, I know

And yo so is your rhyme flow

I'm the only rapper to ever shoot up the club

Me and my man Sean Paul

I pop up in a hot car

You hop up in the cop car

Then start telling the cops who's selling the rocks

and who the niggas on the block are

(Chorus)

I put's it down

I know they like the way my shit sounds

Banging from the hood out to the hick towns

Everything I spit is hit bound

They on my shit now

Gotta get that money like Krazie, Lazie and Bizzy bone

Trying to take my from me

What kind of crazy shit is you on?

Let a kid act funny I'll lace him like when my kicks is on

We in the zone

We don't go to war with no sticks and stones

Wanna play Gin Rummy then shuffle the cards and deal 'em out

But if you get picked up then we trust that you not going to squeal us out

I'm in the cut with a chick with a bigga but than Trina

And a better face than Jigga's slut

Nigga I'm Saigon you understand that?

I'm draped in firearms, you wanna wear that?

If you was now you not

You done f**ked with the wrong one now you shot

I'll even give it to a cop mother f**ker

You the chump I'm not mother f**ker

(Chorus)